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FILLING LITTLE PITCHERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'LITTLE pitchers have large ears,' says the proverb, as a warning to talkers. Why is not there another proverb to put old folks on their guard about the talking specially meant for small pitchers—that is, little folks—to hear. The proverb might be, 'Little pitchers have narrow necks.' Very narrow, indeed, are their necks, though they stand up straight, and mostly open wide-lipped at the top, as if eager to be filled. In shape they are not unlike the vessel pictured in the old fable-book where the crane asks the fox to dinner. They are fragile vessels too. It is a law running through all Nature, that what is finely organised is easily spoiled, and that whatever is most delicately beautiful is also most perishable. Now, this law applies to the little pitchers, and it makes the filling process a dangerous one. Yet they have to hold something, or they are of but little use. Somehow, they must be filled wholly or in part; some one must manage to do it; and something good must be put in them, even though it be but a few drops.

How, then, are they to be filled? How fast, and how far, and with what? Some people are content with pouring in a little—slowly, gently; but most people have a different idea of the duty and capacity of little pitchers. They are in a hurry to show them off brimful all at once. They turn on a strong tap of knowledge, and grasp the slender little thing tight under the deafening torrent—most of which is only pretending to go in, and surging out again, and dashing over the sides. Or else they try to produce a supply of prodigious pitchers, by mustering them in crowds, and discharging the precious liquid in volleys and volumes, a bucketful at a time. A grand quantity is discharged, but very little is retained. And it is well for those weak little pitchers if the shock does not send some of them rolling over, spilling half what they had already, and leaving them chipped and fractured, to stand up patiently

for more perhaps, but never again to be so fair and perfect, even in the glory of being brimful, as they might have been in simple soundness and half-emptiness. But worse than this. There may be some one—poor prodigy of a little pitcher!—smashed by the fall, under that douche of water that could not go down the narrow neck; or if it be not ruined yet, it may be cracked so that it must break asunder soon in the world's wear and tear. And when once it has had such a fall as that, not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men—no, nor all the pitcher-fillers and pitcher-menders in the kingdom—can set it right again. They may patch it and cement it, and it may hold together long enough then in a quiet corner; but be it known to them all that when the poor little pitcher was so beautifully and lovingly made, it was not made to be broken; it was to have a noble use because a real use in the world, though perhaps a very simple use.

Let us, then, keep in mind our proverb, 'Little pitchers have narrow necks,' and ask, How are they to be filled? How fast? How far? With what?

First of all, how fast? That depends entirely upon the capacity of the vessel—the natural ability of the child's mind; and there are not two of them alike. Very rapid pitcher-filling is, for instance, to be found in the Life of John Stuart Mill. As a young child, he had an amazing aptitude for serious learning, and his father had an equally amazing determination that he should learn. The boy passed direct from babyhood to student-life; he seems to have tumbled out of the cradle into the classics. 'I have no remembrance,' he wrote, 'of the time when I began to learn Greek; I have been told that it was when I was three years old.' He began Latin in his eighth year, having read by that time a host of Greek authors, some of which he avows it was impossible to understand. As to English reading, at that mature age he had already gone through a whole historical library, including Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, some volumes of Rollin, Burnet, Watson, and Hooke, Millar's Historical View of

the English Government; and much more. But was he a child at all? And who could have chatted and played with a seven-year-old wisacre?

Five-year-old scholars of a very different sort are to be found peopling the little ones' gallery in any of the Board schools. Compulsory education snatches these pinafored mites from their mud-pies and doorstep convocations. There is a kindness, even though a hard kindness, in thus gathering them in out of the city by-streets, or placing them for the best hours of the day in airy rooms and by warm winter-fires, in exchange for their greater freedom in the foul air of close unhealthy rooms with cheerless hearths in winter. But how the new regimen and the awful heights of infantile study must stagger the courage of these wee scholars! Think of the whole alphabet rushing upon them all at once, a confusion of hieroglyphics and of disconnected sounds, with the future prospect of being expected to decipher pages where the letters seem to unaccustomed eyes too small and close to be rightly seen. How little children ever learn to read, is one of the greatest mysteries in the world, as the almost natural familiarity of deciphering not letters but the sequence of ideas at a glance, is one of its grandest wonders. Pity the five-year-old scholars, then, in their stupendous difficulties, and don't keep their quicksilver spirits too quiet, or hurry their lessons too fast. Let them sing their tables, and refresh them with the blithe ballad of the Cock-sparrow, before passing on to give them their first lesson in the great art of putting two and two together.

And here may be the right place for a word about the Kindergarten system, and also about the custom of teaching by means of games. The object lessons of the Kindergarten plan are excellent for little children; it teaches them, too, in various ways, ornamental and useful, to do simple work with those little hands, which open first upon the world only able to clutch and hold like a pair of polyps, or as unwieldy for use as a couple of little pink starfish. It is a great thing to teach little children to use their hands dexterously, even in putting together toys, or working with coloured wool, or copying simply with a pencil. Another task, still better, is to teach them to use their voice. Beside the perfection of the voice in speaking, we have to think of the development of the voice as an aid to health. Just as the senses develop with practice, and the muscles increase with exercise, the lungs—on which the security and long lease of life often depend—are strengthened and developed by use. It is well known that singing, instead of wearing out the lungs, strengthens the chest; and the singing voice—a great gift in itself—often depends on the early use of the lungs and throat. A quiet, silent, subdued child will rarely have roundness and strength in the later singing voice, though sweetness and compass there may be, the quality of the voice being independent of the force of the sound. The most notable illustration of voice-develop-

ment is in the theory that Italian babies become Italian singers because the mother so often goes out to her field and vineyard labour, leaving the baby to keep house, hanging swathed and bagged against the cottage wall, and most likely developing its lungs for an hour or two before she comes back. But in teaching children, it must be borne in mind that if it is wrong to suppress outdoor shouting, it is also an injury to the voice to allow much outdoor singing with the strain of the wide open air, or ever to permit singing notes to be shouted. All singing, kept within moderate bounds, and not too loud, will be found to develop the compass of the speaking voice, and naturally to give it that soft roundness and those ever-varying tones which save speech from monotony, and constitute the lively quality of a pleasant voice. Beyond all this, there is the task of perfecting the pronunciation. Many young children have, for instance, a defective utterance of the *s* and the *r*, and however pretty their infantile failures may sound, it is cruel to their after-life to let the lisp and the baby language grow in a few years into a confirmed disadvantage of speech. Other children in large schools have to be cured of vulgarities and provincialisms in the sounding of the vowels.

We have dwelt upon this point of the training of the voice for two reasons: partly, because we are conscious that large as the School Board curriculum is growing, correct and distinct pronunciation of our own language seems hardly to be included; partly, because there are many children of wealthy parents who lisp in French before they are able to pronounce the *s* and the *r* of their mother-tongue—a most foolish want of training, for in a few years the inability to sound an *r* will make their French itself unintelligible. Speaking of schools for the people, and the advisability of perfecting the distinct pronunciation of the national language there, we may add that it has often struck us that the three *R*s ought to be increased to five. Respect and Reverence—are not these worthy to be taught as carefully as Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic? The correct sounds of their own language, the gentleness and respect which we count as a part of mutual courtesy, the simple reverence which in these days is too often forgotten—we have often felt painfully that these great things are in the background, while room is made to teach less necessary things to the children of our working classes—the future mass of the nation.

As to the custom of teaching various branches by means of games devised to fix them in the memory, we can only say, that a musical game or a spelling puzzle, a floral lotto or a dissected map, may teach their wisdom well enough to little children, but they will always amuse rather than teach; or if they do not, the children will turn to another play instead. Any system of play-lessons, however much it may instruct for the time, leaves the greatest lesson of all untaught. This great

lesson has a long name, but it is unconsciously learned in school-days by very little children—it is Self-discipline, the power of application to duty, the training of the will to turn naturally to the work of the hour, because it is the duty of the hour, letting pleasure wait till after. Big children in after-life learn soon enough that work is not play, though their cheerful energy and willingness in its performance, turns that duty into pleasure. This is one of the unconscious lessons learned in childhood; and in that little picture of the great world, we see the children who enjoy the work of lessons enjoying play too in its own time, and in both cases growing stronger in that duty-doing will, which is one of the greatest treasures that boy or girl can carry into manhood and womanhood.

But if lessons be work, pure and simple, there is no reason why they should be dull work, too hard work, or unprofitable work. The lessons are often so very hard, the examinations so terribly tough, that their very play-time has an air of wet-day recreation. For heaven's sake, let the children have as happy a time as they can, and preparation as pleasant, so that they may bring brave cheery hearts with them into this crowded upper school of ours. Let there be a laugh now and then to lighten the lessons—a few moments of an anecdote, to fix wandering attention; let the teacher stoop down to the child's level, and see from that low point of vision the difficulties higher sight cannot see. Above all, the schoolrooms meant for the poorer classes should be bright, and their lessons attractive, not too dry and not too weighty for those small wayfarers, who tread such rough paths in life already outside the schoolroom walls, and who will have such burdens to bear by-and-by.

We say above, let not the lessons be unprofitable work; and this hint mostly applies to a higher class of little scholars. Children who begin very early to learn from books, and who at first learn rapidly and brilliantly, are apt to wear out their energy in a few years; and for the most part we observe that the most steady and lasting success is gained by children who are not hurried through hard studies in the nursery, but who begin their book-lessons later, and pursue them without haste, after a healthy state has been secured for mind and body by the first years of play and rest. There is also in such cases a zest for work, a longing for lessons which carries the little student with its hearty impetus far on into the school-life that was delayed until it was wished for. When the school-life comes, there is too often unprofitable work given as fuel to all this delighted energy. Minuteæ of the history of ancient empires are ambitiously attempted, before children know the commonest facts about the empires, republics, and monarchies in the world of to-day. They are required to know the genealogy and rights not only of every Saxon and English king, but of his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, before they know the general features of England itself as in a broad bright picture. We have known a curly-haired, rosy, little student, in her first year at school, breaking her head and heart over learning out of a book the unpronounceable names of Russian geography, while she was still blissfully unconscious of what divides us from America, or what the words Great Britain exactly

meant. And we have heard the waking from fever of a bright girl, far too earnest-hearted in everything she touched. Recollections of the striving for an English history prize had mingled in a tell-tale way with her rambling talk, and she laughingly explained it: 'You must know, there was the king of England, and the king of France, and the emperor of Austria, and they wanted to carry off mamma and kill her; so there was a great war all over the house and everywhere; and I used to be so afraid the king of France would get mamma in the battles.'

This set us wondering what the whole orderly arrangement of nine or ten centuries of battles, kings, and genealogies, had to do with this child; how much of it would remain in her memory. No doubt, some of the information which is contained in school-books sinks into the mind, and remains to form a foundation for future reading; but ninety-nine drops out of every hundred must certainly gush out again when such taps of knowledge are turned torrent-strong upon such slender necks. Perhaps, as to the speed of filling, the golden mean will be struck by not beginning in haste, and always going slowly and surely. *Hurry slowly* is a wonderfully wise maxim, and in filling the little pitchers it is an invaluable rule. The time of childhood is beyond a doubt precious for learning; but let us go quietly, carefully, never fast, never roughly. The pitchers that are best filled are filled by those who hurry slowly.

In this filling process, there is sometimes a terrible douche given all at once, shattering the frail little vessel. Those who make the mistake forget that the child's mind must receive food for study in a certain fitting progression, because there is a progressive development of the child's faculties. First comes the memory, then the imagination is brought into play—that rich imagination of the young mind, unfettered by reason. Later comes understanding in its fullness, and the reasoning power. When little children learn fragments of verse and listen to stories, they are exercising two of their strongest qualities of mind—memory and imagination. Afterwards, many a worthless school lesson becomes valuable as a memory exercise. Countless names and dates that make the lesson hard, will be utterly useless in themselves; but in another way they are useful, in moderation, as practice for the memory; and no faculty grows by practice so fast and, we might say, so luxuriantly as memory. The reasoning power is awakened by helping the child to understand the reading of books and the meaning of the simple verses already learned. If any poetry-loving child were questioned about the sense of well-known verses, most amusing misconceptions would come to light. We ourselves were once for a long time under the impression that heaven was invoked in verse to cast away 'the captain's feathers,' having at that happy age some idea of what a captain was and a feather, but the vaguest idea of slavery or of 'captive's fetters.'

Another way of developing the reason is by the study of grammar, grammatical analysis, or by intelligent talks about history. Arithmetic is to childhood for teaching exactness, what logic is to manhood; but higher mathematics coming down suddenly and in force upon the bright realm of imagination, risks the great loss of driving out the

imagination and stunting the sensitive and poetic parts of the mind. Have we any poet who was such a mathematician as our schools expect to produce in dozens moulded out of one mould?

Again, the filling of little pitchers with hard facts, ignoring imagination, is very apt to break them. We all know how Mr Gradgrind ruined his little pitchers; and how did he begin? He allowed them no progress. He began with reason, and condemned imagination. They had the circle of the sciences open to them, and were trained in mathematical exactness. They got lessons in political economy, instead of story-books, statistics instead of pictures. They were strictly forbidden to wonder; they had little to wonder about except the dullness of their life and the hardness of the tables of 'stutterings.' 'Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts—you can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them,' said Gradgrind's system of ruin. In the excessive cramming that goes on everywhere, there may be a survival of this doctrine of hard facts. We have only time to allude here to one great and hard fact that underlies our whole argument about filling the little pitchers gently and slowly, and that is, that the age of mental study is the age of physical growth; and we all know about a certain living dog that was better than a dead lion.

So next, let us ask, How far should these little pitchers be gently filled? Need they be brimful? And with what?

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE ACCUSATION.

MR WESTON rose early. He had passed but a restless, miserable night, with snatches of uneasy sleep and troubled dreams. The evening before, he had partaken of dinner without appetite, had been morose to his wife, snappish with his daughters, everything that a kind-hearted man of business wishes not to be, but sometimes is, for no fault of his or of those of his own household. And Bertram Oakley was at the root of all this. We are all strangely fanciful, even those of us who pride ourselves the most on the practical steadiness with which, in blinkers of an approved pattern, we do our allotted task upon the tramway of the world. Oddly enough, never had Mr Weston liked Bertram so well—never had he so thoroughly realised the brightness and the winning nature of the young fellow, as when he feared that the strong proofs against him would bear him down. 'The pity o't!' he could have cried out, with Othello; and it did seem a pity.

Mr Weston had made up his mind. He would do the honest thing, take the straightforward path. The youngster had sat at his table, had been greeted with friendly confidence by his wife and daughters. Not even for the sake of Mervyn & Co. would he first communicate with him through the medium of the police. Face to face, he would tell him how bad and how black things looked. If the lad could clear himself—why, thank God! If not—well, well! Messrs Mervyn must decide

as to the punishment. Mr Weston therefore started for the Yard far earlier than usual; and when Bertram arrived, he was requested at once to step into the Manager's office.

Bertram, by the cloud on Mr Weston's brow, by his constrained manner, by the very fact that his superior did not hold out his hand, but employed it in nervous readjustment of his papers, saw at once that something was amiss.

'Nothing wrong, I hope—no one ill?' he asked, nervous himself, for there is something contagious in all sincere emotion.

Mr Weston, dull, if well-meaning, misconstrued Bertram's agitation. 'Nobody ill, I thank you,' he said stiffly; 'but wrong; yes, Mr Oakley, you have guessed right there. Something is wrong. Nothing could be worse, I should say. The thief from outside is a mere vermin preying on society. But what shall we say to him who robs under trust?'

'Do you mean, sir—has anybody'—Bertram wonderingly began.

'The Fittings Warehouse has been robbed, systematically, as it seems, of costly and portable property, to the value of a thousand pounds, or more,' said Mr Weston, beginning in a low tone, but speaking in louder accents as he warmed to his work. 'The thieves were evidently familiar with the place, and entered by means of a key. Now, you, Mr Oakley, have one key, and I have the other, of a complicated and difficult pattern, as you know. Now, Mr Oakley, I think it right and fair to tell you that we have learned the name of the rascally old dealer in marine stores who has bought a portion of the stolen property, and that of the fellow who negotiated the sale of it; that the Fittings Room has been searched by Mr Crawley and myself, in company with a police Inspector, and that the detective himself picked up there a card-case containing cards of yours, and supposed to have been dropped'—

Mr Weston may have said more, but Bertram did not hear it. A noise as of the waves of the sea was in his ears, and his eyes grew dim; and he was faint, sick, giddy, and, reeling back, leaned against the wall for support. At last he became conscious that the Manager was still speaking, and the words 'confess'—'young, and liable to temptation'—'clemency,' rang on his dulled sense of hearing. Then Bertram, by an effort, rallied his strength, and pale still, but almost calm, walked up to the Manager, who had half risen from his chair.

'Mr Weston,' he said, in a voice that was broken by emotion, do what he would to steady it, 'your words have given me great pain, and greater surprise. Had you stabbed me, the shock could not have been more cruelly unexpected. I am conscious that you meant well and fairly by me, when you— But, can it be that you, sir, that any who knew me, could have believed me for a moment to be the robber of my benefactor, to have stung the kind hand that gave me bread? I have been a poor boy, sir, a lonely lad, without kindred or a home, but no one ever suspected Bertram Oakley before this day.' His face was in a flame now, crimsoned by the sudden flush of warm indignant blood; and he looked so handsome and so full of frank courage, that the Manager began to feel uneasy doubts creep over him, and was rendered thereby even more unhappy than

before. That Bertram should be guilty, had cost him a pang. We none of us like to think worse of human nature than we can help, and Mr Weston had been sorry, and almost ashamed, because of Bertram's supposed sin.

But if the lad were innocent! The Manager it was who, as this thought passed through his brain, felt his own eyes quail before those brighter eyes that sought them, not as those of delinquents do. 'I have felt this—very much,' stammered out the Manager. 'We all thought so highly—think so still, if only— Why, but two days ago— But never mind that. If you can clear yourself, Bertram, I shall rejoice as if my own son had been in such a scrape and come out of it. But,' added Mr Weston, with a sorrowful shake of the head, 'circumstances, I must say, tell terribly against you.'

'They do so, sometimes, as I have read, against innocent men—more often, no doubt, against the guilty,' replied Bertram, in his calm, deep voice, which even to his prejudiced auditor seemed to speak in Truth's own accents. 'Will you excuse me, sir, if I crave time to think the matter over, and if I forsake my duties for the moment?—You need not fear, Mr Weston, that I shall seek a disgraceful safety in flight,' he added; 'I have nothing to conceal, and shall be found when wanted.' And without another word, he turned away, and walked from the Yard and from the bustling neighbourhood of the Docks, his head bent, and his eyes on the pavement, and neither noticing nor returning the salutations of the few acquaintances whom he encountered. Suddenly, as he passed by the police station, the windows of which were decorated, as usual, with handbills in fat black type, offering rewards for absconded clerks, fraudulent bankrupts, and undetected burglars, Bertram made up his mind as rapidly as we all of us do, now and then, under the pressure of excitement. He had meant to go back to his quiet lodgings, and there to think; but now he felt as though such meditation were superfluous, and resolved to act. Unhesitatingly he crossed the threshold. As he did so, he remembered his last visit to such a place. That had been at Blackwall, when he sought to save his employers' property and to prevent the river pirates from capturing the *Golden Gate*. Now, he was himself accused of blackest treachery and most cowardly crime! He smiled bitterly—he could not help it—as he entered the Superintendent's little den.

'We have only one detective just now off duty,' said the commandant of the petty fortress civilly, in answer to Bertram's inquiry—'Inspector Birch. You'll find him, sir, in his room, across the passage.' And indeed there sat the Inspector, writing, at a chipped table, with a stand of brass-hilted cutlasses fastened to the whitewashed wall over his head.

'Inspector Birch, I am told?' said Bertram quietly. 'My name is Bertram Oakley, the Assistant Manager at Mervyn's Yard.'

Inspector Birch winced and reddened. Our circulation is not under our own control, and even detectives can blush; but as he motioned Bertram to a chair, he looked at him with professional keenness.

'Now, Inspector Birch,' said Bertram, as quietly as before, 'I have no wish to waste your time, or to trespass on your patience. We will leave

feelings, then, for the moment alone, and attend to facts. Somebody is guilty—that is clear—of the robbery which has been committed at our place of business. And it is equally clear that I—who am wrongfully accused—am not the robber. Mr Weston has just told me, for the first time, of the suspicions against me, and of the discovery of the card-case.'

'Then Mr Weston is'—The detective did not complete his summary of Mr Weston's character, but whistled instead a bar or two of a popular tune. 'It's hardly fair upon the Force,' he said presently, in a deeply injured tone—'hardly fair, to spoil a case that way.'

'He has told me about it, at anyrate, and from kind motives, I am convinced,' resumed Bertram, with a gentle but weighty manner which impressed the policeman in spite of himself; 'and the first use I make of the information is to come to you. Now, Mr Inspector, you must have had some experience of such affairs. Look into my face. Is it the face of a thief?'

'By George!' exclaimed the Inspector, with a sharp rap of his hand on the ink-stained table in front of him, 'we're on the'— But he checked himself before he had quite uttered the words, 'wrong scent, after all,' which had been trembling on his lips, and merely coughed awkwardly behind his outspread hand. 'Can't judge by looks,' he said grudgingly, but with a crest-fallen air. A good bloodhound does not like to be at fault, or to track the wrong quarry. Now, the Inspector had had excellent opportunities of observing the behaviour of very many criminals, when taxed with their crime. It was all very stale to him, the passionate grief, the febrile anger, the eloquent appeals to heaven, the false oaths, the whimpering of some, the coarse attempts of bolder knaves to brazen it out. His acquaintance professionally did not lie much among the innocent, whom he had usually noted to be hot, flustered, speechless, and far less plausible than the guilty. But he had never met with an accused person who bore himself as Bertram did.

'Circumstances, as Mr Weston said, are suspicious,' Bertram went on to say. 'That card-case which you picked up, for example, and which is mine'—

'You admit that, sir?' asked the Inspector. 'Though I am bound to remind you that whatever you say may be used against you.'

'Use it, then, and welcome!' answered Bertram, with a patient smile. 'I lost it, as nearly as I can remember, a fortnight ago; but certainly not in the Fittings Store. Now, Inspector, if you will hear me for a while, I have something to propose which will entail no dereliction of duty, no betrayal of trust, and which will profit me nothing, unless, of course, I should have guessed aright. Now, listen.'

And then there ensued a conversation, in low, hurried accents, between Bertram and Inspector Birch, in which at first, of course, the former took the lion's share, though presently the policeman's voice might be heard speaking in a subdued tone, but evidently with an unfeigned and eager interest. Had the busy Superintendent, penning letters and filling up forms on the opposite side of the passage, been capable, like Bluebeard's latest sister-in-law, according to the lamented Bishop Heber, of listening at the door, scarcely an intelligible word would

have reached his ears except: 'Not a word, then, to Mr Weston,' and, 'For to-night, then.'

'Too good, too good for an amateur,' grumbled the Inspector, as he stood on the worn doorstep of the police station and watched Bertram as he walked away. 'I feel humbled, somehow, that the first idea didn't come, as it ought to have done, from the Force. But anyhow, it stands for to-night.'

HEAT AND HEALTH.

WE have somewhere read of a system of cure in which the only means used was heat. The principle upon which this system was founded had an appearance of plausibility. It was expressed in a sort of motto: 'Heat is life—cold is death.' Hot substances, such as ginger, Cayenne pepper, &c., were prescribed for internal use. Hot baths of various sorts were applied externally. While it is well known that extremes of heat, no less than extremes of cold, are destructive of both life and health, it may well be admitted that a moderate administration of either might be beneficial in many cases. It is on a modification of this principle that hydropathy is based; not, as for a time misnamed, the *Cold Water Cure*. Water of various degrees of temperature, and air as high as two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, are employed, according to the effect desired.

There can be little doubt as to the advantage of a due amount of heat, so far at least as the preservation of health is concerned. And in cases where health has been interfered with through defect of heat, a supply of heat in proper degree must be beneficial. And it may even be allowed that, under certain circumstances, an extreme degree of heat may be used with advantage—as in the case of the Turkish bath.

When a person swallows a dose of Cayenne pepper, or enters the hot-room of a Turkish bath, he experiences the effects of artificial heat. When he partakes of a meal of ordinary food, or exposes himself to the rays of the sun, the heat he derives from either source is natural. The combustion of carbon in respiration, and the burning of coal in the furnace of the bath, are very similar processes, both consisting essentially of the chemical combination of oxygen gas with carbon. Stephenson termed coal, 'bottled sunshine;' and the same may be said of Cayenne pepper and all similar substances from which heat can be evolved.

Science has done much to utilise and conserve the heat derivable from respiration and from the combustion of fuel in our stoves and grates. By means of suitable clothing and muscular exercise, we husband the heat produced within us; and by properly constructed fireplaces and dwelling-houses, we economise the heat of our fires. It is very questionable if science has done as much in utilising and controlling the immense amount of heat continually radiating from the sun. Even in our temperate zone, during our brief summer, the poet makes the sun 'shoot full perfection through the swelling year;' which is

the literal truth. But at what expense and pains do our 'busy housewives' prevent his benign rays from penetrating our dwellings. Window-blinds of every form have become a great article of modern trade. The advantages obtained from cheapened glass in the form of enlarged windows, are in great measure lost. The fear of faded colours in carpets, hangings, and other upholstery, deprives our apartments of a healthy influence from the great source of light and heat. On a smaller scale, might it not be said that the parasol (sun-guard) saves the complexion of our fair kinswomen at the expense of their health and vigour.

There are some indications of a more rational appreciation of the value of sunshine both as a preservative and restorative of health. The late Mr David Urquhart, M.P., and Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, who acquired vast experience in the East, attached great importance to the rays of the sun as a means of cure. He affirmed that he cured even consumption by means of exposure of the body of the patient to sunlight, without any other remedy. In a work on the Turkish Bath, by Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, in which he gives many passages from the writings of Mr Urquhart, this agency of sunshine is introduced. The experience of a New York physician is quoted to the effect, that he had so many facts illustrating the power of the sun's rays in curing certain diseases, that he seriously thought of publishing a work to be entitled the *Sun-cure*. He says: 'I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondriacal people into health by the sun-cure.' He mentions the case of an overwrought lawyer who was suffering from partial paralysis. His right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged, in coming up-stairs, to raise the left foot first, and drag the right foot after it. He told the doctor he had been failing for several years, closing with: 'My work is done. At sixty, I find myself worn out.' The doctor directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sunshine to reach every part of his body. He was to begin with ten minutes a day, gradually increasing it to an hour. His habits were not materially altered in any other respect. The result was that in six months he came running up-stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared, with sparkling eyes: 'I have twenty years more of work in me.'

Mr Urquhart mentions the experience of a correspondent of his, who had been recommended by Dr Proel, at the baths of Gastein, to try air-baths in the neighbouring forest. At first, he used to remain for two hours undressed in the shadiest part of the forest. He confidently asserts that his health derived the greatest benefit from this practice. But on another visit to the continent, he determined on the addition of what he terms another element of power—full sunshine. He says: 'I am easily affected by the sun; the consequence being headache and derangement of stomach. I found, however, when the body was entirely exposed to the sunshine, and without even the head being covered, or the pit of the stomach—an equally sensitive part—being sheltered from the rays, that I was not in the slightest degree unpleasantly affected. But on resuming my

clothes, or even a portion of my clothing, I instantly experienced the symptoms I have alluded to, and was obliged quickly to get into the shade. I reversed the experiment, and proved the fact.' He further describes the sensation of sunshine on the body as very agreeable—genial warmth, not heat, being felt. He noticed, on covering any portion of it with a single fold of light clothing or linen, that the heat on that part became intolerable. These sunshine-baths lasted from half an hour to an hour and a half in ordinary summer heat. He also mentions a pricking and itching sensation all over the body, with redness of the skin, which followed these sunshine-baths. These symptoms lasted a couple of days; but he used no remedy, only he did not try any more baths till they had disappeared.

Shortly afterwards, Mr Urquhart met one of the most celebrated physicians in Europe, Dr Scanzoni of Würzburg. He was much interested in the narrative of the sunshine-bath, and anticipated the statement respecting the head remaining unaffected. The doctor explained it by the equal diffusion of the sunshine over the whole body, by which the action of the blood would not be determined merely to the head. The doctor also gave him to understand that the greatest power is practically the most ignored by medical science—that it is unreasonable not to believe that the great centre of action in nature can exert vast influence on the human organism, and develop the energies and resources of life.

The curative properties of heat were observed fifty years ago in the experience of a French physician, who fortunately committed the results to the press. Dr Gosse of Geneva published a book entitled *Des Maladies Rhumatoïdes* (Geneva and Paris, 1826). In this work, the author speaks highly of the remedial value of heat. He says: 'The excitant which plays the most important rôle in the phenomena whether of health or of disease, is caloric—a fluid imponderable and incompressible, which pervades all bodies, and vivifies all organised existences. No other agent can be compared with this one in the treatment of rheumatoid disorders. It is, so to say, the soul of this treatment, and all other means can only be regarded as subordinate. Who can tell if even those substances which we define as excitant are not indebted to its presence for their properties? At least, we find amongst them principles eminently combustible, and which disengage a considerable quantity of light and of caloric.' Dr Gosse regards the restoring the action of the skin as the *modus operandi* of heat as a remedy. He says this explains the immense advantages derived by the Greeks and Romans from the use of the bath. While still employed by the Russians and the nations of the East, he regretted its neglect in the central parts of Europe, where a less equable climate renders rheumatic affections more frequent and inveterate. He says: 'We ought to put up prayers that the European governments may favour the introduction of such public establishments, and so bring within the reach of the citizens unendowed with fortune this real panacea for the larger portion of the evils that assail mankind.'

It may be mentioned that whether the theory of heat current when Dr Gosse wrote, or that now more generally received, be the correct one, the

practical value of heat as a remedial agency is in nowise affected.

It is now about twenty years since the hot-air bath was introduced as a curative agency into the Newcastle Infirmary. Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Infirmary, had experienced the benefit of a private bath in Northumberland, in which he was treated as a patient. He brought it under the notice of the Pathological Society of Newcastle, and also the House Committee of the Infirmary. The Duke of Northumberland lent his influence to the movement, having witnessed, during his Eastern travels, the value of the bath. The result was the construction of a hot-air bath in the hospital. The Report of the Infirmary bears ample testimony to the value of the bath in a great variety of cases considered suitable for treatment.

The hot-air bath has also been found suitable for the treatment of mental disease. It has been introduced into several lunatic asylums. The *Lancet*, in noticing the Fifth Annual Report of the Sussex County Lunatic Asylum, mentions that Dr Lockhart Robertson published some important remarks on the Turkish bath as a curative agent. He relates a case in which a patient was admitted with symptoms of mania, complicated with dropsy and albuminaria of the most severe character. The patient was in a desperate state, menaced with madness and paralysis, and apparently dying from the extent of kidney disease. Dr Robertson states that the bath saved the patient's life, and restored him to reason. He believes its medical uses to be very great. Of its curative power in the early stages of consumption, he has had several examples, and is of opinion that if used at a sufficiently high temperature—a hundred and seventy to two hundred degrees—the results will astonish us all.

Mr Urquhart explains that this high temperature is quite endurable when the heat is radiating. Heat which is transmitted through flues is said to be more oppressive at high temperatures than heat which radiates directly from a heated surface such as a stove. He does not profess to explain the reason; but he thinks radiating heat more nearly resembles the rays of the sun, and impresses one with a sort of electrical action. This seems to correspond with a fact quoted, on the authority of Sir David Brewster, in regard to the effect of sunbeams on magnets. Professor Barlocchi found that an armed natural lodestone which would carry one and a half Roman pounds, had its power nearly doubled by twenty-four hours' exposure to the strong light of the sun. M. Zantedeschi found that an artificial horse-shoe lodestone which carried thirteen and a half ounces, carried three and a half more by three days' exposure, and at last arrived to thirty-one ounces by continuing in the sun's light. He found that while the strength increased in oxidated magnets, it diminished in those which were not oxidated, the diminution becoming insensible when the lodestone was highly polished. He now concentrated the solar rays upon the lodestone by means of a lens; and he found that both in oxidated and polished magnets, they acquire strength when their north pole is exposed to the sun's rays, and lose strength when the south pole is exposed.

It is well known that the action of the hot-air bath on the human frame operates through the

skin. In many diseases, the skin is under-active, and requires increased circulation of blood. The congestion of internal organs is thus relieved, and digestion, respiration, &c. promoted.

TOM'S WIFE.

CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH I had succeeded in checking the utterance of the vow on Tom's lips, yet he speedily fulfilled it, as if it had been duly recorded against him. He sought out Jessica in her French home. His eager love proved triumphant; and he wrote to me that in a few weeks' time they would be united at the British Consulate. His sanguine temperament made him, notwithstanding several rebuffs, still hopeful of obtaining employment. He had an annual income of about a hundred pounds of his own, which he had inherited from his mother. Beyond that, he was possessed of nothing save his own untried talents.

As far as I could judge, his father still seemed to maintain his feeling of resentment against him, for he refused to allow me ever to mention his name in his presence. Tom's letter to me from Paris with the news of his approaching marriage, first caused the silence to be broken. His last hope was gone, and he would indeed disinherit his disobedient son. The Hall and Park were entailed; but what would they be without money to maintain them? The rest of his extensive property was his own absolutely, and this he determined to leave to Christabel Favre, formerly Christabel Martin. 'And, Woollaston,' he added, as I listened to him in silence, 'let the will state that I have disinherited my son for disobedience and disrespect to his father, so that hereafter the words may rankle within him, and their remembrance be as gall and wormwood.'

Poor miserable old man! And so you would sting from beyond the grave, carrying your vengeance into another world, where, if our past be remembered, how small must seem the good of even the best among us.

We were standing talking not far from the dower-house. 'You do not know her, I think,' said the Squire, as, at the conclusion of his speech, my eyes wandered in the direction of Madame Favre's abode. 'I am going to call on her. Come with me, and I will introduce you to her.' Linking his arm within mine, he led me to the house.

Madame Favre, fortunately, was at home; and the neat little maid—one of our village lasses, for Madame had only brought her own personal attendant with her—opened the door, and at once ushered us into the drawing-room. The furniture was very prim and old-fashioned; but the delicate arrangement of the room, with its pretty pink-lined curtains, and bowls and vases filled with winter flowers, robbed it of its stiffness, and lent it a feminine grace, which must have owed its origin to its mistress's refined and cultured taste. Presently, the door opened, and a tall, elegant woman entered, with a graceful, gliding movement. Her black dress was plain and simple, almost to severity, and fitted closely to the supple outlines of her well-formed figure. I should have estimated her age as about thirty,

although, from her appearance, she might well have passed for a much younger woman. The face was undoubtedly captivating, though it possessed features in some respects too strongly contrasting, and the light of her dark hazel eyes seemed to me slightly furtive and restless. Her soft, golden hair was uncovered by anything to denote widowhood, and the beautifully modelled white hands displayed no ornaments save a wedding-ring and an unpretending keeper. She received us with a sweet graciousness; and soon I found myself rapidly succumbing to her fascinating power, and half regretting the Rosebank Cottage episode, which had deprived Tom of the chance of winning so fair a prize.

'You will not forget me, if you should hear of anything that would be likely to suit me,' she said as we rose to leave, after she had confided to me the requirements of the residence for which she was searching. 'I have no one to advise me now—I am quite alone,' she murmured with a pretty little sigh, as she half-absently bent her gaze on a small ivory miniature that was standing, in a costly frame, on the mantel-piece.

'Not quite alone, Madame Favre,' interposed the Squire gallantly. 'I am always at your service—and so is Mr Woollaston.' There was a humorous twinkle in his shrewd old eyes as he glanced at me; and my foolish, shrivelled, old cheeks actually flushed at the covert raillery, as my old-world politeness made me bow my head and murmur: 'I am ever your obedient servant, Madame.'

'John,' cried the Squire, turning so as to face me, as we reached the Park gates, and addressing me by my Christian name, as in the days when we were lads together, 'are you going to take unto yourself a wife in your old age?'

'Why not?' I returned jokingly.

'Your years are threescore and ten, John.'

'Ay, what then?' I retorted. 'Why should not the heart be as green at seventy as at twenty?'

Time passed on, and I delayed as long as I could the preparation of the unnatural and vindictive deed by which the old man proposed to disinherit his son. Meanwhile, I had again heard from Tom, this time telling me that he was actually married, and that he intended, after some weeks' stay in France, to proceed to London, in the hope of obtaining employment. I was half afraid to mention the fact to the Squire, as I judged it would at once bring matters to an issue, and that he would order the will to be immediately completed and signed. Still a few weeks more were allowed to elapse, during which time I, as much as possible, avoided meeting the Squire. But one day he called upon me, and asked if I had had any further letters from his son. I told him that I had, and that Tom was married. He was in a state of great excitement and wrath; and it was with some difficulty that I could subdue his rage enough to enable us to converse in ordinary business terms of the will, which he now told me to prepare without another day's delay. I made more than one attempt to intercede for the young man thus to be disinherited; but this only served to exasperate him still more; and he intimated that if I was not prepared to carry out his wishes, he would be necessitated to place his affairs in the hands of another agent.

Merely as a matter of business, my connection with the Squire was of small moment to me; but we had been old friends, and I had long managed all the affairs of the Athelings of Atheling, and did not relish any suggestion of another taking my place. Besides, I considered that my refusal to draw up the will would not in any way prevent the Squire from carrying out his design; while, if the matter were placed in other hands, I should lose the opportunity of still doing something, as I hoped, for the advantage of his banished and disinherited son. The obnoxious document, therefore, was prepared, the Squire himself writing the draft of the fatal clause that disinherited his son, and a day was fixed for me to call at the Hall to have it signed.

On the day named I found my client waiting for me in the library. Everything was in readiness; and the will, which was very short, was quickly read through. The pen was in his hand, and I was about to summon two of the servants as witnesses, when he stopped me. 'Does not marriage invalidate a will?' he asked as he turned to me inquiringly.

'It does,' I replied, 'if signed before the ceremony.'

'Humph!' he muttered, as if considering some point. He paused for a moment, and then added, as if he had found a solution of his difficulty: 'Procrastination is always dangerous. I will sign this now; and if another should be required, why, you won't object. It will be so much more grist to your mill.'

'Certainly,' I replied, taking his joke in good-humour; 'and I am glad to hear you talk of making another will, for this is a most unjust one.'

'You are purposely and unnecessarily wandering from the question,' he said with icy sarcasm. 'I have no intention of making any alteration in my will. I was alluding to the probability of my marriage with Madame Favre.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, at a loss for words with which to express my surprise.

'Yes,' he continued; 'I have written to her on the subject, and am now awaiting her answer. No reason, you know, Woollaston,' he added with sly humour, repeating my own words, 'that the heart should not be as green at seventy as at twenty.'

I could only laugh. A great disparity in age between husband and wife, on whichever side it may be, is generally objectionable; but beyond this, I could see no valid reason against the marriage. The lady's ample fortune would obviate the necessity of a large jointure to cumber the estate. Again, I was in hopes that if the Squire once saw the golden bait that had tempted him, within his grasp, his resentment against Tom might become softened, and eventually, under his wife's undoubtedly amiable influence, be entirely removed.

I could not, however, find words in which to offer the money-loving old suitor any congratulations upon the step which he proposed to take, and somehow I could not help wishing that the lady would have the good sense to refuse the offered marriage. As it was, I was fain to hide my confusion and dislike of the proceeding, by ringing the bell, and calling in a couple of servants to witness the signing of the deed. A few minutes

served to complete the work; and I took an early opportunity of bidding good-bye to the Squire, making a pretence of urgent business elsewhere the excuse for not staying to dine with him, as he seemed more than usually anxious I should do.

As I returned to my office, I could not help reflecting upon the sudden and unexpected determination of the Squire to marry this lady, so much his junior in years, and so unlike him in other respects; and in truth I scarcely knew whether to attribute his resolve more to a feeling of revenge against his son, or simply to a desire to possess the lady's large and unencumbered fortune. I felt inclined to write to Tom at once, and tell him of what was taking place; but on second thoughts I decided that it would be better to delay doing so till I knew the issue of the Squire's proposal to the beautiful widow.

I was not allowed to remain long in suspense. Next afternoon, the Atheling carriage arrived at my door, and the Squire walked into my room.

'Congratulate me, John!' he cried, with something like juvenile merriment, which sat ill upon a countenance where age had already left its indelible imprint. 'Congratulate me! The lady has accepted my offer; and in one month from to-day, Madame Favre is to become the Lady of Atheling Manor.'

'Well, well,' I said, with a faint attempt to appear hearty, 'you are doing twice what I have not yet had the courage to do once.'

'But, then, there is no reason why the heart should not be as green at seventy as at twenty!' he replied, slapping me on the shoulder.

I felt that I could not reciprocate his jocularity, and so was glad when he proceeded to some other matters of business between us than this of his marriage. After his departure, I sat down and wrote to Tom a brief account of what had taken place, hiding my own concern as to the issue of this strange turn of events under expressions of hope that things might somehow be brought about by the lady's influence to remove the Squire's feelings of antipathy towards his son. But this was more with a view to Tom's peace of mind than my own; for I could not divest myself of the fear that the consequences of this marriage might be more inimical to Tom's chances of succession than at first sight it had seemed to me.

For a week I saw nothing more of the Squire; but at the end of that time he called, and stated that it would be necessary for me to prepare a contract of marriage, and that without delay, as Madame Favre found it necessary to go to France on some business which her agent in Paris could not complete in her absence; and for this reason, it was decided that the marriage should take place in the following week, after which the Squire would accompany her to the continent. The terms of the contract were therefore agreed upon; and they were somewhat peculiar. Under this agreement, he was to receive from Madame Favre the absolute possession of all her property, both heritable and movable; she, on her part, to receive a large annual sum in name of pin-money out of the Atheling estate, with a handsome jointure in the event of her surviving him. It is unnecessary to enter into details regarding the other provisions of the contract, except to say that the Squire's son was by name excluded from

the succession, in accordance with the terms of the will already executed by his father.

However unpleasant might be my feelings on the subject, I had no alternative but to comply with the Squire's wishes, or rather commands. This was on Wednesday; and it was arranged that on Friday I should go to Atheling with the completed contract, in order that it might be signed by the principals, and the matter concluded. The marriage was to take place on the Monday following. My heart bled for Tom; but as I had already written him as to his father's engagement with Madame Favre, and as no further letter could now reach him in time to admit of any interference on his part, even if that were of any use, I contented myself with allowing things to take their course.

CIDER.

In England, the cider-apple is principally grown in Herefordshire and Devonshire, and in portions of Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Worcestershire, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, and Cornwall; and, on the other side of the British Channel, must be mentioned Jersey, Normandy, and Brittany. Many a farmer counts, in a good year, upon paying his rent by his cider-harvest. Although its value in relation to other beverages is not great, it is astonishing how important a factor it is in successful farming in those districts, and what a respectable *pièce de résistance* is a good cellarful of this drink. Throughout the summer, but especially in hay and harvest time, the quantity consumed by the farm-labourer would astonish the North-countryman or town operative, it being considered nothing unusual for him to dispose of his two to three gallons in a day; and the farmer, his sons and his servants, and in many cases his whole household, make use of hardly any other drink throughout the year. If the farmer's stock runs dry in consequence of a meagre harvest, he is obliged to procure the cider at any price, for the labourers will insist upon a regular allowance of their favourite refreshment. In some districts the use of beer is gradually being substituted in certain establishments for that of cider; but this is not so much to be regretted as the more baneful consumption of cheap spirituous liquors. Notwithstanding so great a consumption of what is sometimes not much better than vinegar, cider-drinking does not appear to be fraught with any very serious results.

At most of the *tables-d'hôte* in Normandy and Brittany, decanters of cider are supplied gratis; and the thirsty wayfarer need only visit a *restaurant*, to procure a quart of that liquor for about three-halfpence. He may sometimes chance to have the produce of the first pressure applied to the apples, and which the grower calls *gros cidre*; but he is more likely to have to content himself with the second extract, or *petit cidre*, a watery though still not quite innocuous liquid.

The climate and ground of Jersey are particularly adapted for this branch of husbandry, and, in proportion to its size, it produces large quantities. Its manufacture has often been the subject of enactments by the local legislature; and among musty records may be found a claim for expenses incurred in besieging Mount Orgueil Castle in 1487, in which there is an item for

twelve pipes of cider. It is also to be remarked that among the Acts passed in the first year of Queen Mary's reign, 1553, was one forbidding the sale of cider in the island unless the mayor, with two parishioners, had previously tested it and fixed the price. In the same reign, the inhabitants were obliged to petition Her Catholic Majesty for license to import from England, duty free, six hundred and fifty tuns of beer, in consequence of the almost total failure of their apple-harvest. The export trade from that island, which, especially to Bristol and the west and north of England, was, during a long period, of considerable dimensions, has of late years received a gradual but important check, in consequence of the unprincipled practices of some exporters, who, aware that acetate of lead, commonly known as sugar of lead, possessed the property of speedily 'fining' new cider, did not scruple to make use of it, in order to give to their produce the semblance of superior liquor.

Orchard-culture does not present many important differences. Some cultivators adopt the system of high grafting, say at a height of five to seven feet; and others are satisfied with stocks of half the height. According to the nature or state of the soil, the aspect, prevalent wind, &c., the orchard-planter decides upon the system he must adopt in planting; but no estimate of the productive value of an orchard can be formed from its extent, as, whether through exposure, poorness of soil, decaying stocks, want of manure, or other causes, a five-acre plantation will sometimes yield less and inferior fruit than another of one-fifth its size. As a rule, when once the trees are planted, the farmer devotes very little time to them, save when the gathering season comes round. Sometimes he opens the ground near his young trees; but that attention ceases after the third or fourth year, and then he may apply a winter deposit of decaying weeds or other cheap organic manures; but the general inattention to this matter, and generally unskilful pruning, cannot but too frequently make a serious difference in his financial returns.

To enumerate the different varieties of apples used in the manufacture of cider, would be somewhat difficult, and would only interest a pomologist. Next in importance to that variety, which is immense, is the different seasons at which the fruit ripens. Some, as the codling, begin to fall from the middle to the end of September; while others only attain maturity in the end of November; and here the manufacturer on a small scale meets with a drawback. The inferiority of cider may in many cases be attributed to the improper assortment of apples; and it is well known that to make good liquor there are combinations of certain kinds of fruit which admit of being ground together, so that the disadvantage of the small grower is apparent, when it is borne in mind that his 'mashes' must of necessity be few in number, and his different sorts of fruit cannot be equally fit for use. Even among those who have better opportunities, the practice of indiscriminately mingling sweet and sour, ripe and green, is too frequently followed.

When the autumn breezes cause the earlier apples to fall, the husbandman carefully gathers them, and collects them into heaps under the shade of his larger trees, where they remain for

some weeks, until they have acquired the proper degree of mellowness; and the judgment required to decide the latter point would put a novice completely 'at sea.' The remaining fruit is sometimes picked by children, but more generally shaken down; and a valuable tree is frequently injured by the incautious use of poles.

The different heaps having been pronounced in a satisfactory condition, the most arduous phase of the manufacture commences. The apples are taken to the mill or press-house, and thrown into the 'chase'—a circular trough of hewn stone. For crushing them, a heavy millstone or 'runner' is used, driven by one or two horses, blindfolded as they tramp their wearisome circles, which have to be continued until the fruit is so thoroughly 'mashed' that the pulp or 'must' may be squeezed between the fingers without the detection of any lumps, and has acquired a deep colour. The pulp is then placed upon 'hairs'—square horse-hair cloths, which are spread under a powerful press, fitted with a wooden or iron screw. The latter is applied when eight or ten 'hairs' have been filled, the edges well folded, and the whole surmounted with a solid wooden frame. In some districts, the layers are made with unbroken straw or reed. The expressed juice flows thickly into flat tubs, or is poured into open casks, at the rate of four to six hogsheds for each 'mash.' The dry residue is usually given to the pigs, or thrown on the manure-heap; but sometimes in England, and generally in France, it is watered and pressed a second time, producing an inferior beverage appropriately called *petit cidre*.

The casks are now either exposed to the open air or placed in draughty buildings; and in a few days, according to the weather, the liquor will ferment and become clear, when it is 'racked,' or drawn off into other casks. It is during the process of fermentation that the manufacturer has to exercise the most delicate skill; for if the fermentation be insufficient, the cider will not attain the requisite brightness and flavour. If it be excessive, the result will be poorness and acidity; and a rapidly fermented liquor does not keep well. By the addition of yeast or isinglass, the fermentation and condition may be assisted; but successful results are in the greatest measure dependent upon the skilled watchfulness of the maker. Doctorings, by the addition of treacle or other sweetening and colouring materials, are frequently had recourse to by cider-merchants and taverners, but in rare cases by manufacturers. On many farms, it is usual to burn a small quantity of sulphur in the casks intended for the reception of the cider, the effect being generally the prevention of further perceptible fermentation; but it occasionally happens that the cider has more than once to be racked from one set of casks to another until it is considered safe. The discovery was made by Mr Leuches, a German chemist, that newly burned charcoal possessed the property of checking the fermentation of new wines; and the principle was applied in the manufacture of cider by Mr Knight, a former President of the Horticultural Society of London, with successful results. He found that the fermentation was completely arrested, and the harshness rendered *nil*, the only drawback, if any, being that some of the colouring matter became absorbed.

In the first weeks of the year, the casks are

stored in large cellars or cool sheds; and the 'bunging-down' takes place two months later, when the cider is ready for delivery to the consumer.

THE WEDDING MARCH.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

'No. 329—A Wedding March.' Such was the number and name of a picture in the Academy of a certain year which shall, for politic and personal reasons, be left undesignated. The picture was one of my painting; and I, Reginald Tracey, had been fortunate enough to attain three very important ends by its production. Firstly, it was deemed excellent enough by the Hanging Committee to be placed on the line, and it faced you in a very prominent manner as you entered Room No. V. Secondly, this prominent position secured for my picture a large share of attention, which resulted in its finding a purchaser almost as soon as the Exhibition doors opened. But thirdly, it served the actual purpose for which I painted it, and which led me to choose my subject. That purpose involved just the least bit of romance; and although the clever critics praised the picture, and even hinted that 'Mr Tracey had been singularly fortunate in his treatment of a somewhat unusual and difficult theme,' &c., not one of them so much as guessed that it was a picture with a purpose. As the sequel may serve to show, that purpose sprang from and ended in what I am pleased to call my little romance.

It was a charming day that on which I went to Rockhampton to sketch the water-meadows, and to see my old friend Dr James Brooke—Jim, I generally called him—who had settled as a practitioner in that town. The whole place was steeped in sunlight; and the deep shadows cast by the old houses in the narrow streets by the waterside, reminded one of nothing so much as the blackness of the shades in some old Dutch town; where Rembrandt must have learned the special art that bears the impress of his genius to-day. The old church of Rockhampton is a fine bit of Norman architecture. Rising architects declare that there are no purer pillars of that style, or better preserved arches, with their queer faces squeezed into the corners thereof, and which seem to impress the Rockhampton juveniles on Sundays quite as much as the service. Passing through the churchyard, I found myself at last at the church. With little hope of finding the door open, I lifted the latch, when at once it yielded to my touch. As I passed within the green baize doors within the porch, I heard the sound of the organ; so stealing quietly into the grateful shade and coolness of the church, I ensconced myself in the biggest pew I could find, and listened. How soothing was the effect of the music and surroundings on that glorious day. I could not see the player, who was concealed by the curtains in front of the organ-loft, but intuitively I guessed it was a lady who played. I imagined that only a woman's delicate touch could have made that *Kyrie* speak in these tones; and there was more gentleness than power in the *Stabat Mater* into which the player glided. Then

I remember the *Wedding March* succeeded; and after half an hour's private hearing of the masters, I quietly slipped out of church, once again into the glad sunlight that played around the grave-stones, and made the world so fair to see.

After lunching at my hotel, the *Red Lion*, I went to see Dr Jim. It appeared that the fair player of the church was a Miss Spalding, and the only daughter of a well-to-do and retired merchant who had settled at Rockhampton some eighteen months before; and Jim, I found, had been paying his addresses to the young lady. Her father had married for the second time, and had thus given Miss Spalding a step-mother. The old gentleman, as Jim called him, was an easy-going man, kind-hearted in every way, generous to a fault, and looked kindly enough on Dr Jim's suit. But as to Mrs Spalding, Jim pronounced a decidedly unfavourable opinion. She was an ambitious and, as he expressed it, scheming woman, who thought that Nelly should look somewhat higher than Dr Brooke of Rockhampton—and that she should at least marry money—with which latter commodity, Jim was, as a young doctor of course, by no means overburdened. Without actually discouraging Jim's attentions, Mrs Spalding made things decidedly unpleasant for the lovers. Mr Spalding, good easy man, was completely under the dominion of his wife. Hence, Jim confessed, he was in a somewhat unsettled state of mind.

'You see, Regy,' said Jim, 'Nelly will not disobey her parents in any way. That she cares for me, she has confessed to me more than once. But when I press her to consent to be married at once, and to make me happy, she won't hear of it.'

'My dear Jim,' I responded, in my new-found capacity of guide, counsellor, and friend, 'she is not the first girl who has had to struggle between love and duty; or at least what she conceives to be her duty.'

'She is so thoroughly conscientious,' replied Jim, 'that I feel even to press her to take the step which would make me a happy man for life. When I ask her, in my despair, whether she will ever choose between her step-mother's wishes and my love, she implores me not to tempt her; and so,' added Jim, 'here I am; miserable as need be.'

All this interested me exceedingly. She was evidently a girl of sterling worth, and with a high sense of the duty she believed she owed to her parents' wishes. I thought over Master Jim's love affair as I lay in bed that night, and came to the conclusion that the case was a difficult one. You cannot always mould human minds to your own bent and purpose by simply speaking. Hence I came to the conclusion that Miss Spalding's love for my old friend ought to be tested and tried in some other way. As my experience of human nature goes, there seems nothing like putting love, of all human emotions, to some rigid test. But how the test could be applied to the case in which I had thus been led to feel a special interest, I knew not.

I confessed, as I rolled over to sleep, that I did not see my way clear to help them. Little did I think that the morrow was to bring the means and the man. The man was Josiah Blagden, Esquire, iron-founder, of the firm of Blagden,

Bilge, & Co., of Birmingham and elsewhere; the means was—my humble self.

The day after my arrival at Rockhampton, Jim proposed that I should drive with him on his morning round, and added he: 'We'll call at Mount Grove on our way home.' Mount Grove was the residence of Mr Spalding; and two o'clock found us at the gate of a very nice villa residence, overlooking the river, and standing within its own nicely kept grounds.

We were ushered into the drawing-room, where we found assembled certain persons whom Jim had not expected to see. Mr Spalding received me courteously, as also did Mrs Spalding. Miss Nelly greeted me most cordially, adding that she was much pleased to make the acquaintance of Dr Brooke's old friend of whom he so often spoke. In addition to the family-circle of three, it was clear there were strangers present. These latter were Mr Josiah Blagden and his sister. Mr Blagden did not impress me favourably. He was a stout, florid-complexioned man, remarkable for the extreme breadth of his white waistcoat and for the profusion of jewellery displayed thereon.

'A safe man, my dear sir; a very safe man,' said Mr Spalding to me at lunch. 'Why I suppose his turn-over is about half a million a year—the iron trade, you know,' added the old gentleman by way of explaining that Mr Blagden was one of the metal-kings of England.

'Self-made man too,' said Mr Spalding; 'began life as a foundry-boy.'

From what I saw of Mr Blagden within the next few weeks, his origin could have been pretty accurately guessed from the manner in which he imparted the 'foundry-boy's' manners into the sphere in which his industry and success had led him. He was essentially a vulgar man, who bullied his sister, a meek, silent little woman, with a good heart and a kindly nature, as I discovered later on.

As we drove home from lunch that day, Jim was strangely depressed. I guessed his thoughts pretty accurately, for he burst out into a tirade against Mrs Spalding on our arrival at home.

'I shouldn't wonder, Regy,' said he, 'if that fellow Blagden has been invited down here as a suitor for Nelly. He's a friend of Mrs Spalding's, I know, because she herself comes from the "Black Country."'

Jim's state of mind, from the moment he broached this theory, may be better imagined than described. For the next three weeks I am bound to say that his temper was well-nigh unendurable. One evening at dinner at Mount Grove, I felt half afraid he was going to inflict personal chastisement upon Mr Blagden; a feat I should have much rejoiced to have seen skilfully performed, after the iron-master's coarse invectives against the medical profession, which had been called forth during some argument concerning doctors' fees. Nelly's attitude towards Jim appeared to have undergone no perceptible change. She was loving and gentle as before; but I fancied that Mrs Spalding contrived dexterously to keep Miss Blagden and Nelly as frequently together as possible; and thus Jim's *tête-à-têtes* were reduced to a miserable minimum. Worst of all, as Jim remarked to me one day, Nelly had confessed that her step-mother had on more

than one occasion hinted that Mr Blagden's visit and stay were not solely prompted by friendship to her parents. Mrs Spalding was, in other words, a clever woman, playing a nice little game of diplomacy, and whilst keeping on the most friendly terms with Jim, was to my mind, furthering her own aims and ideas of a matrimonial alliance for Nelly with the elderly iron-founder. I know that most of my readers will say that Miss Spalding should have settled the matter for herself, and have given Mr Blagden to understand that his attentions were unwelcome and hopeless. But as I remarked before, we are not all cast in one mould; and the most loving natures may sometimes be coerced by what seems to be their duty, into self-sacrifice of the most unreasonable kind, and which can only entail misery in the end.

So things went on at Rockhampton, with diplomacy at Mount Grove, and despair at No. 14 High Street, where Dr James Brooke announced his willingness to relieve the afflicted daily from ten to eleven A.M. and from six to eight P.M. I had been sitting cogitating over matters one evening at the *Red Lion*—Jim having been called to a distant part of his parish—when an idea, founded, I believe, on a quotation from an old French author, occurred to me. The quotation was to the effect, that 'when moral suasion fails from any cause to change an opinion, it is lawful to appeal to the most trivial of our emotions.' Happy idea! thought I. I shall see whether or not I can work it out to the advantage of Dr James Brooke and—shall I add it?—to the confusion of Josiah Blagden, Esquire.

My plans were then rapidly matured. Morning, noon, and night find me busy in the old church. I am hard at work on a canvas in which the interior of the edifice grows under my brush day by day. There are no sounds of the *Kyrie* now; nor are the jubilant strains of Mendelssohn heard, as on a bright sunny day not so far gone by. Nelly does not come to practise her old favourites as of yore. Blagden, I know, hates music; and painters, as he once expressed it—in shocking bad taste—are usually 'a seedy lot.' I remember Mr Josiah's white vest and the cable chain, with enough appendages attached thereto to have set up a small jeweller in a thriving way of business. The aisle and gallery of the church are now complete in my picture. I paint it as I sit in the aisle; in the distance you can see the altar and chancel: and the vicar who looks in upon me occasionally, says it is as like as can be. He is curious, however, to know the nature of the figures I have sketched roughly in. There is a group passing down the aisle from the altar-rails where the vicar can still be seen at his post; and there is a figure standing alone and solitary in a pew, as if facing the advancing party. The vicar cannot quite fathom the design. The church he can understand; but the meaning of the picture puzzles him. I bid him wait patiently for the solution of the mystery.

When my study of the church was completed, I went home to the *Red Lion*, and there I painted in my figures. There was little need for models, for my sketch-book was full of studies. Turning to my picture, now progressing rapidly, I find that there are heads of two elderly men, and there is a careful sketch of a young man's face likewise.

There is a fair girl's face, and a matronly countenance, and another face which seems not unlike that of Miss Blagden. At last, my task is completed. The picture is a mere 'study,' but it is a careful study withal. The old church you recognise at a glance; the figures— Well, we shall see.

The vicar has been busily spreading a report that I have been painting pictures of the church, and there is curiosity to see them. I now propose that one fine day a very few of my Rockhampton friends shall come to see my work. The circle is very select. I have invited only Mr and Mrs Spalding, the great Josiah, Miss Blagden, and Jim. I contrive, with a diplomatic cunning for which I have not before given myself credit, that Nelly Spalding shall be admitted to a private view. She herself has been all anxiety to see the picture, and I pretend that by great favour she shall see it before any one else. Mine host of the *Red Lion* has prepared a nice little luncheon, even to some dry Pommery, which 'the great Josiah'—as I have been accustomed to call him, possibly from the magnitude of his waistcoats—says he dotes upon. I make a malicious and unkind but perfectly just mental suggestion that in early life, 'the great Josiah' was better acquainted with the merit of 'alf-and-alf' than dry champagne. Mine host has done his best; and now I wait my guests. I feel nervous and excited; why, I can hardly tell; but I confess to myself, that I shall be glad when my little symposium is over.

Here at last. They troop up-stairs into the large room where my luncheon is spread. Mr Josiah is looking very large to-day. There is an air of jubilant triumph about him as he bustles about Nelly, assisting her in taking off her wraps, and saying 'nothings' which are anything but 'soft,' as the great man expresses them. To me, his air is simply patronising. Mrs Spalding is gracious as usual; and Mr Spalding seems to regard the near prospect of lunch with more evident satisfaction than he does the prospect of an artistic treat. Mr Blagden suggests we had better step in to see the picture—lunch has evidently its attractions for 'the great Josiah.' But I tell him I wait Dr Brooke, at which announcement, he subsides. Then I suggest to Miss Nelly, that with her mother's permission, she may now have the picture all to herself for a momentary peep. Mrs Spalding, who is deep with Miss Blagden in the mysteries of the manufacture of rhubarb-jam, readily consents.

Nelly follows me into the room, where my picture stands, covered with a crimson cloth, on my easel. I close the door, and unveil it. Nelly glances at it for a moment; then growing deadly pale, sinks half-fainting—not into my arms, but into those of Dr James Brooke, who has most opportunely come upon the scene. In speechless astonishment he gazes at me, but he too seems as if he were going to repeat Nelly's procedure, as he glances at the picture. 'For heaven's sake, Regy,' says Jim in a hoarse voice, 'cover that picture up!'

Nelly opened her eyes in a moment or two, which seemed to me like an age. Jim had employed the interval in a fashion not unfamiliar to lovers, I believe. And when she did open her eyes, it was to clasp Jim round the neck, and her

words were few but decided: 'Jim, dear! I can never, never marry that man! I will do whatever you wish me to. But oh! they have tried me so!'

What is it in my picture that has so perturbed the lovers, and brought Nelly Spalding to her senses? Simply the interior of the old church once again. A ray of sunlight streaming through a chink in the stained window falls on the sad, pale, tearful face of a newly-made bride. The bride's face is Nelly's own; and the pompous bridegroom is Josiah Blagden, the artistic treatment of whose white waistcoat and chain has cost me no end of pains. Behind bride and bridegroom come the figures of Mr and Mrs Spalding; and in the dim distance the vicar is seen still standing within the altar rails. But the central figure after the bride herself, is the young man, pale, motionless as a statue, who stands in a pew, and whose ashy gaze is fixed on the bride. The face of the man in the pew is that of James Brooke. The picture tells its own story to Nelly Spalding. It places the possibility of the future before her eyes, as she has never dared to picture it to herself. It reflects in all its naked truth, the fate to which through her indecision she may commit herself and Jim. And it tells its story so well, that art conquers diplomacy in decision, and aids love in its triumph over the great Josiah himself.

Footsteps on the stairs. I cover the picture again. Nelly stands beside Dr Brooke; her cheek is pale, and there are tears like dewdrops glistening in her eyes. The iron-master looms in the doorway. He takes in the matter at a glance, and frowns darkly at Jim and me.

As soon as Mr and Mrs Spalding, who closely follow Josiah, have entered the room, Nelly, to my surprise, walks quickly up to her father and takes his hand. 'Father,' said she, with a tremulous yet decisive tone, 'you know the message you brought me from Mr Blagden this morning? Give him my answer now. Tell him that I am going to marry Dr Brooke.'

Now, it is my opinion that, had the discarded Josiah at this moment held his tongue, he might have got both Mr and Mrs Spalding to speak a word for him with Nelly. But, as it was, he destroyed his own case at a blow.

'Message from me?—and this is my answer!' he said in an angry voice. 'Why, I care nowt—nowt,' he repeated bitterly, 'about the matter. I guess it was the lass's father and mother that wanted to marry Josiah Blagden's money—perhaps they wanted some of it for themselves.'

The rudeness and vulgarity which marked the man came out unmistakably as he said these words; and taking his sister's arm in his, and casting a look of vindictive scorn at the doctor and myself, he walked out at the door with an ungainly strut which was meant for dignity; and we saw the great Josiah no more.

Mrs Spalding was especially cut up by the parting fling of Josiah, as it was she who had manœuvred the matter thus far. Mr Spalding, on the other hand, burst into a jovial laugh, and taking his daughter's hand, placed it in that of the doctor.

After all had left the studio but Mr Spalding, the latter asked me to tell him in plain terms how I had brought this about—for he had no doubt I

was at the bottom of it. I uncovered the picture, which Mr Spalding—simple, easy-minded gentleman that he was—scrutinised with his double eye-glass, remarking to me that he didn't quite understand it at all, but that it was wonderfully clever, and that Josiah's 'weskit was as like as life.'

In six weeks thereafter I officiated as 'best-man' at Jim's marriage. As the organist pealed forth the jubilant strains of Mendelssohn, after the vicar's benediction had been given, and Nelly, radiant and beautiful, passed down the aisle on her husband's arm, I could not help rejoicing in the success of what is now 'No. 329—A Wedding March,' though the faces in the picture as exhibited are slightly disguised, and Mr Josiah's vest has been shorn of certain of its distinctive peculiarities.

That is the romance which, as I told you at the outset, hangs round the picture which in the Academy catalogue was numbered '329—A Wedding March.'

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

'APOPTHEGMS,' says Sir Francis Bacon, 'are certainly of excellent use. They are *mucrones verborum*, pointed speeches. Cicero prettily calls them *salinas*, salt-pits; that you may extract salt out of, and sprinkle it where you will. They serve to be interlaced in continued speech. They serve to be recited upon occasion of themselves.'

In our own days, no less than in 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth,' the excellent use of apophthegms is known and turned duly to account. Our daily talk is full of these 'pointed speeches,' derived from a hundred different sources, and very often used without any knowledge of their context, or any thought as to their authors. Who ever thinks, for example, when he cheerily reminds a friend that 'Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer,' that he is quoting a modification of the words of old Tusser? the homely philosopher who bids you 'Look ere you leap,' who warns us that 'A stone that is rolling can gather no moss,' and to whom we owe whatever comfort is to be had from the reflection that 'It is an ill wind turns none to good.' The hackneyed phrase, 'Neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring,' savours little of the style of the 'majestic' Dryden; it is taken, nevertheless, from his epilogue to the *Duke of Guise*. It is probable, however, that many of these sayings were simply adaptations by the authors from popular existing proverbs. It is Dryden also who tells us that 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' that 'Sweet is pleasure after pain,' that it is well to 'Take the good the gods provide,' and who reminds us, in his prologue to *Love for Love*, that 'Men are but children of a larger growth.'

'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war'—a line, by the way, which is generally misquoted—is from *Alexander the Great*, written by the mad dramatist Nat Lee. 'Plato, thou reasonest well,' is in the *Cato* of Addison; and from him also come the well-worn phrases, 'Rides

in the whirlwind and directs the storm,' and 'Still I seem to tread on classic ground.' It is in Pope's *Odyssey* that the line occurs, 'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,' varied in his translations from Horace by a change of 'parting' into 'going.' As a fruitful source of popular quotations, Pope probably ranks next after Shakspeare, and like him, is often credited with the authorship of lines which he never wrote. To Pope, for example, has often been attributed the famous couplet—

True patriots we; for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good;

yet this was really composed by the notorious Barrington, as part of the prologue of a play performed by his fellow-convicts at Botany Bay.

The smooth and sonorous line, 'Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,' which has so often been ascribed to Shakspeare, forms the opening of Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, the play in which occurs that famous description of a temple which Dr Johnson once declared to be the finest poetical passage he had ever read—that he recollected none equal to it in Shakspeare. It is from Congreve, too, that we have borrowed the somewhat terrifying couplet—

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned:

Upon the poet Young, many a loan has been levied, without much if any acknowledgment. From his *Night Thoughts* we get, 'Procrastination is the thief of time;' 'Man wants but little, nor that little long;' 'All men think all men mortal but themselves;' 'We take no note of time, but from its loss;' and many another familiar saying.

Grave judges, and others learned in the law, have contributed their quota, as in duty bound, to the common stock of popular sayings. It is Francis Bacon who speaks of matters that 'Come home to men's business and bosom,' who lays down the axiom that 'Knowledge is power,' and who utters that solemn warning to enamoured Benedicks, 'He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune.' We have the high authority of the renowned Sir Edward Coke for declaring that 'Corporations have no souls,' and that 'A man's house is his castle.' The expression, 'An accident of an accident,' is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. 'The greatest happiness of the greatest number,' occurs in Bentham, but as an acknowledged translation from the learned jurist Beccaria. To *Leviathan* Hobbes we owe the sage maxim, 'Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools.' It is John Selden who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air you may see the way of the wind; and to his contemporary Oxenstiern is due the discovery, 'With how little wisdom the world is governed.' Mackintosh first used the phrase, 'A wise and masterly inactivity.' 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' is from a speech by Lord Brougham. It does not mean that the teacher is 'abroad,' in the sense of being *absent*,

as many seem to interpret the phrase, but that he is 'abroad,' in the sense of being everywhere *at work*. In the familiar phrase, 'A delusion, a mockery, and a snare,' there is a certain Biblical ring, which has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets; the words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell.

Long before Mr Matthew Arnold lived and wrote, Dean Swift had sung the praises of the 'Two noblest things, sweetness and light.' It is Swift also who wrote that 'Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent;' and who tells us, in his *Tale of a Tub*, that 'Bread is the staff of life.' 'Out of mind as soon as out of sight,' comes from the sonnets of Lord Brooke; and it was his friend and contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, who coined the phrase, 'My dear, my better-half.' Humphry Gifford, a writer of the sixteenth century, has the following:

I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade.

Bickerstaff, a playwright as seldom read as he is often quoted, is author of the prudent admonition that 'Enough is as good as a feast,' and of the indisputable assertion that 'One cannot have one's cake and eat it too.' From Home's *Douglas* comes the famous speech, 'My name is Norval,' familiar to the readers of Enfield's once celebrated but now forgotten *Speaker*; and in the same play is found the consolatory assurance that 'Virtue is its own reward.' 'The almighty dollar' came to us across the Atlantic from Washington Irving; and it was Beaumont and Fletcher who first taught us to speak of 'money' as 'the sinews of war.' 'How goes the enemy?' is a question often asked in the *Dramatist* of Reynolds; and 'Pray, sir, what is your opinion of things in general?' is one of the 'catchwords' of that impecunious sponger Jeremy Diddler.

From old Chaucer we learn that 'Mordre wol out,' and that it is wise to 'Maken virtue of necessity.' It is he, too, who wrote, 'Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken,' a passage which the poet Gray must, consciously or unconsciously, have had in memory when he penned the celebrated line, 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.' It is Gray also who speaks of 'Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;' of 'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;' who warns us that 'Favourites have no friends,' and that 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' It is the shy recluse Cowper who expresses his opinion that 'God made the country, and man made the town,' and who sings the praise of 'cups that cheer but not inebriate.' The light-hearted Gay instructs us that 'Life is a jest, and all things show it;' and it is part of his cheerful philosophy that 'While there's a life there's hope.'

Foreign writers, moreover, have been made to contribute to our stock of familiar quotations. 'To encourage the others,' was said by Voltaire, apropos to the capital sentence passed upon Admiral Byng. 'To gild the pill,' is probably borrowed from the

line in Molière's *Amphitryon*—'Le seigneur Jupiter sait dorer la pilule.' We learn from the witty Rabelais that 'Appetite comes with eating,' and that men sometimes 'Pay Paul by robbing Peter;' and the old French farce of *Maitre Pierre Patelin* supplies us with the humorous expression, 'Let us return to our muttons.' And taking this as a gentle reminder not to stray beyond our proper limits, we may fitly let it serve to close our list of 'familiar quotations.'

STATE AID TO TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

State aid to technical education must, according to our contemporary, the *Textile Manufacturer*, 'be regarded as undesirable; and not to it but to other sources must the promoters of weaving-schools and similar institutions look for the means whereby they may carry on their work. These are not so limited or difficult to secure as some seem to imagine. In addition to voluntary contributions, there is a mine of wealth that can and ought to be made available for the promotion of technical education.'

'Within the last few months, statements have been made about the increase in the income of the Livery Companies of the City of London, which have had a startling effect upon the public mind; and the more the subject is considered, the more strange does it appear that in the nineteenth century, in the capital of this vast empire, there should be small coteries of individuals, calling themselves by sundry trade names, but having no connection with the trades, administering vast funds upon no defined system, these funds being the accumulation of centuries, and which the present irresponsible administrators have not the slightest right to supervise, beyond the fictitious one of what may be called nominative succession given them by their predecessors, who also had no better title to their position.'

'From a Report issued by the London School Board, which has been making inquiries into the City Guild Charities, but has not received any assistance from the Guilds in its investigations, it appears that there are one thousand and eighty charities managed by the City Companies, with an income of upwards of one hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds per annum. This is in addition to the one thousand three hundred and thirty charities under the management of the City parishes, and valued at one hundred and four thousand pounds per annum. Here is an income of more than a quarter of a million pounds at the disposal of irresponsible bodies, and it is said that quite one-half is misappropriated. Take, for example, the accounts of the Mercers' Company, in which three hundred and two pounds nineteen shillings and eightpence is charged for the annual dinner and audit breakfast in connection with St Paul's School. Here is a direct waste of money ostensibly devoted to educational purposes.'

'To these endowments must be added a host of others scattered throughout the country, to which the foregoing remarks are in some degree applicable. Some of these have already been brought under the pruning-knife of the reformer. For instance, the Ackroyd Charity, Yorkshire, has been remodelled, and while the original intentions of the founder are carried out in

the new scheme, a large surplus is allocated to the College of Science at Leeds. It is, then, the funds left in many cases for the education of artisans, and misapplied, or for objects that no longer exist, that should be made available for aid to technical schools. Time must elapse before suitable schemes can be decided upon, and even the first step has to be taken, which is, to arouse the attention of the public to the sources of hidden wealth that can be diverted to promote the advancement of technical education, and render unnecessary all appeals for state aid.'

WITHERED.

I LIFT them to my drooping face;
My heart above them grieves;
Of all their beauty, not one trace
Lies on those leaves.

And yet, with trembling lip, I kiss
Each precious withered flower;
Baptised in tears, I still do bless
Their gentle power.

For none can know what feelings wake
In passioned heart like mine,
That hoards a trifle for sweet sake
Of dreams divine;

That gives to dust and ashes Love
Which lived in Hope's own bower;
That broods, with yearning pain, above
A faded flower.

Through shower of kisses, mist of tears,
There rises from the Past
A vision that no coming years
Can overcast.

The small white hand, so soft and true,
That gave those flowers away,
Still sparkling with the bridal dew
Of yesterday.

The smiling eyes, that seemed to gaze
Beyond Earth's cloudy rim,
As if their holy power could raise
Life's curtain dim.

The tender heart, so fain to shed
Its sunshine everywhere,
Oh, blossoms fragrantless and dead,
Yet once so fair!

O flowers she loved, ye were so bright,
I took you as a sign,
For winsome words and laughter light
With flowers entwined.

And flowers, and words, and touch, and tone
Seemed wreathed around my heart
In garland immortelle, that none
Might tear apart.

My cherished Hope! my cherished Flower!
Dear tokens that she gave,
I lay you—withered in an hour—
Upon her grave.

J. M. E. SAEVY.

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